

This poem was completed as a Literature/Language project.

The assignment was to take one of the poems studied this term, and rewrite it from another point of view, preserving the rhyme scheme of the original poem.

Poem: T.S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

Point of View: The Ocean

**T.S. Eliot's "Lost Sea Shanty of J. Alfred Prufrock"**  
**found by Alec Crawford**

*daichi ni sosogu yoake  
tabidatsu toki o tsugeru  
mirai o mezashi kakete yuku kaze  
kono mune ni suikonda  
yume dake o kizamitsuketa hitomi  
bokura ni yuku michi o ataeru<sup>1</sup>*

**Ueda Kana -- Opening Song, Final Fantasy Unlimited.**

LET us dive then, you and I,  
When the ocean is spread out against the sky  
Like a mermaid stung by a jellyfish;  
Let us go, through certain half-deserted currents,  
The silent riptides 5  
Of one-day tourist passes  
To seafood parks with oyster-shell rides:  
Currents that flow like so much pollution  
Of insidious intent  
To lead you to an overwhelming question... 10  
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"  
Let us go and buy a ticket.

On the beach the turtles come and go  
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow mouth that spits its waste upon my bruised cheek, 15  
The yellow boot that grinds its cigar on my bruised cheek,  
Sticks a straw into the milkshake of my sea foam,  
Lingers upon the lips that ask for more,  
It swirls around the mouth of waste that spews from outfalls,  
Slips on the kelp-bed, now a refuse heap, 20  
And seeing that it is a soft October night,  
Choked by a 6-pack yoke, falls asleep.

And indeed there is no time  
For the yellow boot that clips into my currents, 25  
Spitting its waste over my bruised cheek;

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<sup>1</sup>. Daylight breaking into the vast land,  
Tells us it's the beginning of a journey.  
Heading towards the future and running into the wind,  
I inhaled it.  
A dream that's engraved only within the eye,  
It presents a way out for us.

There is no time, there is no time  
To repair a reef to save the reefs I save;  
There is no time to advance and retreat,  
No time for all my skill and years of tides 30  
That lift and drop the salty-sweet answers;  
No time for you and no time for me,  
No time left for a million ecosystems,  
And for a million "whatever may comes,"  
Before perfecting how to water ski.

On the beach the: turtles come and go 35  
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed you have no time  
To wonder, "'Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"  
No time ta turn back and plug the hole,  
Of the Black Spot in the middle of *my* soul - 40  
[You will say: "How our catch is growing thin!"]  
My blue-green coat, my crests mounting upon the waves,  
My sparkles bright and twinkling, but deflected by dark glasses-  
[You will say: "'But how our industry is thin!"]

Do you dare 45  
Disturb the universe?  
In a minute there is time  
For decisions and revisions which a minute can't reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:- 50  
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,  
You have measured out my life with tidal moons;  
I know the shores are dying with a dying fall  
Beneath the sand lies Tutankhamen's tomb  
So how should I presume?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow currents 55  
And felt the tortured trees clog my lifeblood  
Rocks, pebbles, sand, silt, clay, destroying both land and sea.

I should have been a fat cat congressman  
Scuttling across the floors of the White House 60  
. . . . .

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the floods, the tsunami, the wind,  
Among the maelstrom, among the deaths of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have drowned you slowly with a smile, 65  
To have dragged your universe into nothing

To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
 To say: "I am Helle, come from the dead,  
 Come back to kill you ail, I shall kill you all"-  
 But you, drinking a soda on the shore  
 Would say: "That is not what I meant at all.  
 That is not it, at all." 70

Or would it have been worth it, after all,  
 Would it have been worth while,  
 After my beauty and safe passage, and serenity,  
 After the harbors, after the seashells, after full nets that trail along the floor--  
 And this, and so much more?-  
 It is impossible to say just what I mean!  
 But as if a magic lantern could show you what I mean:  
 Show you it has been worth while  
 Would you, sipping a soda or tossing up a ball,  
 And turning toward my vastness, should say:  
 "That is not it at all,  
 That is not what I meant, at all." 75

. . . . .  
 No! I am not a naiad, nor was meant to be;  
 I am Neptune's boss, one that will do  
 To swell a progress, end a scene or two,  
 Control the king; no doubt, the main machine,  
 Not submissive, domineering,  
 Unconcerned, reckless, and tempestuous;  
 Turbulent, raging, wildly rearing;  
 You are all so ridiculous-  
 I am never, no never, the Fool. 80

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .  
 My shimmering cloak no longer gold. 85

Shall I feed a school of fish? Do I dare to lick the sand?  
 I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the land.  
 I have heard the mermaids singing, hand-in-hand. 90

I do not think that they will sing to you. 95

You have seen them choking on neurotoxins  
 Struggling to breathe, to think, to survive  
 Silt-strangled until none is left alive 100

You have defiled the chambers of the sea,  
 And sea-girls choked with trawl nets red and brown  
 The mermaids curse you, and will not let you drown. 105